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THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Reil.
EIGHTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903. NUMBER 24.
The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.
SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.
\$1.00 PER YEAR. Always in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.
1 Column 1 year.....\$60.00
" " " ".....35.00
" " " ".....20.00
2 inches 1 year.....10.00
1 inch.....6.00
Announcements—State and District
Officers, \$10.00; County officers, \$5.00;
Town officers, \$3.00; calls on candi-
dates or political write-ups, 85c line.
Obituaries, Tributes, &c., pre-
pared by us, 85c a line; where copy
is furnished, same as locals, 5c a line.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for As-
similating the Food and Regula-
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipa-
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.
All months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have
Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A Brilliant Array of Holiday Gifts!
In Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,
Clocks and Silverware,
Spectacles, &c., &c.
Diamond rings \$7.50
and upward.
Main Gold Rings 75c. and up.
Watches, \$1.00, \$2.50, \$3.00,
\$6.00 and upward.
Mail orders given prompt
attention.
FRED J. HEINTZ,
JEWELER,
8. Main St., opp. Phoenix Hotel,
LEXINGTON, KY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY VIRTUE of an execution to me
directed, which issued from the
office of the Clerk of the Breathitt Cir-
cuit Court in favor of W. R. Day and
against S. F. Russell, I will, on
Monday, January the 26th, 1903,
it being circuit court day, between the
hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock
P. M., at the court house door at Campton
expose to public sale the following
described property, to-wit: A tract of
land on Sullivan creek, Wolfe county,
Ky., being the land on which S. F. Rus-
sell now lives, and adjoining the land of
Hiram Swango, A. J. Russell and
John Russell, containing about 25 acres,
it being a part of the land sold by J. F.
Vansant, Master Commissioner of Wolfe
county, and bid in by A. J. Russell, and
will proceed to sell said land or so much
as will be necessary to satisfy said debt
and interest and all costs thereon, to the
highest and best bidder on a credit of
three months from the day of sale, the
purchaser giving bond, with approved
security, bearing six per cent interest
from date, and have the force and effect
of a replevin bond, on which execution
may issue if the same shall not be paid
at maturity, when and where due atten-
d-ice will be given by me.
T. F. STAMPER,
Jan 6-31 Sheriff of Wolfe County.

W. L. CEVEDON,
REPRESENTING
GUGGENHEIMER & CO., (Inc.)
Leading Dry Goods & Notions Jobbers
LYNCHBURG, VA.
Headquarters West Liberty, Ky.
I will be on the road immediately
with full line of sample Dry Goods,
Notions, White Goods, Pants, Overalls
and Men's Furnishings, and request
the trade to inspect my line before
placing their orders. (45-1y)
The Winchester Bank,
WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid Up Capital, \$100,000.00.
Surplus, " " " \$20,000.00.
Hands-on Deposit of \$404,216.48.
This bank solicits the accounts of
merchants, farmers, traders and busi-
ness men generally throughout East-
ern Kentucky, and offers its custom-
ers every facility, and the most liberal
terms within the limits of legitimate
banking. 1 Oct-21y

W. T. CASKEY,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Dealer in General Merchandise
and Country Produce,
HAS NOW ON HAND A LARGE
and well selected stock of
Dry Goods & Notions,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
LADIES' AND GENTS' TIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
PATENT MEDICINES,
DRUGS, OILS, &c., &c.
In fact, everything usually kept in
a first-class general store. Call and
examine his stock and hear his prices. He
will treat you nicely.
HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE
BEST, and the cheapest

ROBERT P. KASH,
The originator of LOW PRICES,
is wholesale dealer in
FLOUR & SALT
and solicits the patronage of the
merchants of the mountains.
He also carries a complete line of
General Merchandise
and Country Produce.
Embracing everything usually found in
a first-class country store, and the pur-
chaser may rely always upon getting the
very best goods for the least money.
He invites the people of Wolfe and
Morgan to call and see his goods and
learn his prices, and suggests that it
might pay come prepared to take home
a load of goods, which they will want to
buy when they learn prices.
Will meet any legitimate
competition.
Call on or write me before buy-
ing.
ROBT. P. KASH,
McCauley, Ky.

THE HERALD.
SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, : : Jan. 22, 1903.

THE HERALD.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, : : Jan. 22, 1903.
+CURRENT NEWS+COMMENT+
The sardine packing industry of
Puget Sound has come to be of
considerable importance. The out-
put last season was 60,000 cases,
and it will be trebled this season.

A man of Missouri offers \$20 to
any other man who will talk 24
hours with him, and in the ordi-
nary run of conversation tell noth-
ing but the truth. No takers have
yet appeared.

According to Bradstreet's 9,971
business failures occurred in 1902,
which is the smallest number in 14
years, excepting the years 1899 and
1900. The liabilities were \$106,-
000,000, which is the lowest in 20
years.

A Kansas man who, asked if he
were going to church that Sunday
morning, said that it was not at all
necessary, for he had heard his
sermon already that day when he
rolled home at 2 o'clock in the
morning.

A son of H. K. McHarg, a Wall
street millionaire, has gone to work
as a day laborer for the Virginia
Iron, Coal and Coke Co., in order
to learn the business from the bot-
tom up, his father being president
of the company.

Three of the biggest soft coal
companies of the country—Fair-
mount of West Virginia, Consoli-
dated of Maryland, and Somerset
of Pennsylvania—have combined
with \$32,000,000 capital in order
to centralize, control and extend
their market abroad.

Edwin Ginn, the Boston educa-
tional publisher, has started a move-
ment to provide for the publication
in all the languages of civilization
of books and pamphlets exposing
the cruelty, wickedness and costli-
ness of war, the object to forward
the day of universal peace.

A dredge recently built for levee
work at the mouth of the Sacra-
mento river has a "clamshell"
scoop on a boom 155 feet long,
which raises 25 tons of earth in
each bite and puts it on the bank
in one minute. Wouldn't that be
a hammer to uncover coal with?

Miss Joseph Dodge Daskam,
speaking to a mothers' meeting in
New York the other day, said of
the girl of the future: "I would
advise her to hang onto her privi-
leges and let her rights go. If she
can't get her vote she can always
get her voter, and she can influence
him in his vote."

The supreme court has decided
that the Missouri pure-food law,
under which a St. Louis man was
fined \$100 for putting alum into
baking powder, is unconstitutional.
The decision did not go into the
question whether alum is bad for
health, but left the state to deter-
mine that for itself.

The famous "tick-bite" case has
been compromised. This was an
Arkansas case in which a man car-
ried a \$10,000 accident insurance
policy, and died as a result of a
bite from a wood-tick. Insurance
Co. refused to pay on the ground
that the death was natural and not
the result of accident. They finally
paid three-fifths of the policy.

Unconscious From Croup.
During a sudden and terrible at-
tack of croup our little girl was
unconscious from strangulation,
says A. L. Spafford, postmaster,
Chester, Mich., and a dose of One
Minute Cough Cure was adminis-
tered and repeated often. It re-
duced the swelling and inflamma-
tion, cut the mucus and shortly the
child was resting easy and speedily
recovered. It cures Coughs, Colds,
LaGrippe and all Lung troubles.
One Minute Cough Cure lingers in
the throat and chest and enables
the lungs to contribute pure, health
giving oxygen to the blood.

Ayer's
Malaria and
Ague Cure
A positive specific for bilious fever,
malaria, chills and fever, malarial
poisoning, malarial debility, malarial
dyspepsia, dumb ague.
All Druggists.
Price, 25 cts.

HARRY'S SLEEPY-TIME SONG.

BY EXITH LUK.
Four little birds are merrily singing,
Up in the tree-top—to and fro;
While the father bird, sweetly is singing,
Warbling a gay little tune, heigh-ho!
Down by the brook where the rose leaves
are falling,
Wearing a suit of the plainest brown,
Flits the mother bird, chirping and calling,
Come down, little darlings, come down.
Down where the brook is clear and shining,
Come from your home in the apple tree,
Out of your nest, with its feathery lining,
Come, little birdies, and fly with me!

We'll go to the fields, where the clover is
growing,
Down where the honey-bees busily hum,
Then back to the brook, where the roses
are blowing,
I'm waiting, birdies, so hasten and come.
Heigh-ho! mother is merrily singing,
Singing to baby, so rosy and fair,
While to and fro the cradle she's swinging,
Rocking her baby with golden hair.
Soon the birdies their way will be winging,
Above the clover, and rustling maize,
Soon the woods with their songs will be
ringing
All through the sunshiny, summer days.
Soon mother's boy will be sweetly sleeping,
Sailing away in the golden moon;
Where little fairies their watch will be
keeping,
While guiding the boat with a silver
spoon.
When the games in fairy-land so entrancing,
Baby has watched with laughter and
shout,
When he has tired of the fairies' dancing,
They'll find, a ha! he has tumbled out.
Out of the moon, so golden and shining,
Into his own little cosy nest,
Down from the sky, with its silvery lining,
Home to his mother, who loves her best.
Sleep little baby, while mother is singing,
Singing a gay little song, heigh-ho!
Sleep while the birdies are merrily swinging
Up in the apple tree, to and fro.
Myrtle Point, Oregon.

Tried to Conceal It.
It's the old story of "murder
will out," only in this case there's
no crime. A woman feels run down,
has backache or dyspepsia and
thinks it nothing and tries to hide
it until she finally breaks down.
Don't deceive yourself. Take Elec-
tric Bitters at once. It has a re-
putation for curing Stomach, Liver
and Kidney troubles and will re-
vitalize your whole system. The
worst forms of those maladies will
quickly yield to the curative power
of Electric Bitters. Only 50c and
guaranteed by J. T. Day, Hazel
Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons,
Campton, druggists.

Likes to See His Name in Print

CAMPTON, KY., Jan. 15, 1903.
Spencer Cooper, Hazel Green, Ky.
My Dear Friend and Bro: I send
you \$1.00 to pay for THE HERALD
to Jan. 1st, 1904. Can't do with-
out the dear old HAZEL GREEN
HERALD, which comes every week
laden with the news of Eastern
Kentucky.
I have not as yet found anyone
as correspondent at this place;
hope I can, for I do love to see my
name in print.
Hoping you a happy and suc-
cessful new year,
Yours fraternally,
J. H. STAMPER.

One Hundred Dollars a Box
Is the value H. A. Tisdale, Sum-
merton, S. C., places on DeWitt's
Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I
had the piles for 20 years. I tried
many doctors and medicines, but
all failed except DeWitt's Witch
Hazel Salve. It cured me. It is
a combination of the healing prop-
erties of Witch Hazel with anti-
septics and emollients: relieves
and permanently cures blind, bleed-
ing itching and protruding piles,
sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt
rheum and all skin diseases."

Didn't Go To Cincinnati.
Ernest Elkins, of Mt. Sterling,
is visiting his father-in-law, Tay-
lor Ringo, and other friends in
and about Hazel Green, and his
wife is with friends at McCauley.
They had intended to locate in
Cincinnati at the beginning of the
year, but a fire in that city disar-
ranged their plans, so that their
removal is now indefinitely post-
poned.

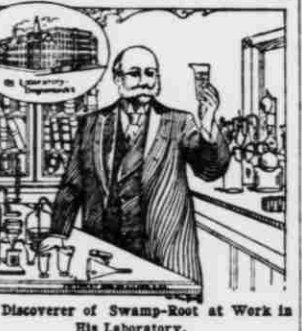
Lyon's Laxative Syrup.
Nature's Cure for Constipation,
DOES NOT GRIPE. If you do not like
it better than any laxative you have ever
used, your druggist will refund the
money. Good for children as well as
grown people.
Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek,
W. W. Swango, Maytown, Ky.

Enith, the little daughter of
Harlan Trimble and wife disloca-
ted the elbow joint of her arm Sun-
day night. Dr. Nickell was called
in and with the assistance of Dr.
Harlan Stamper reduced the dis-
location, since which time she has
been resting easy.

Tired Mothers.
It's hard work to take care of children and
to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides.
Tired mothers should take Hood's Sarsa-
pilla—it refreshes the blood, improves the ap-
petite, assures restful sleep.

Current rumor yesterday was to
the effect that County Attorney
Fulke is one of the small-pox vic-
tims at Campton, of whom it is
said there are 15 or more.

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



There is a disease prevailing in this
country most dangerous because so de-
ceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by
it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure
or apoplexy are often the result of kidney
disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to ad-
vance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack
the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves
break down and waste away cell by cell.
Then the richness of the blood—the albumen
—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's
Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the new dis-
covery is the true specific for kidney, bladder
and urinary troubles. It has cured hundreds
of apparently hopeless cases, after all other
efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent
and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free
by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-
Root and its wonderful cures. Address
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and
mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember
the name, Swamp Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp
Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.,
on every bottle.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect October 19, 1902.

EAST BOUND.			
No. 2, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 4, Daily, ex. Sunday.	
P. M. Lve.		A. M. Lve.	
2 25 pm	Lexington	6 45 am	
3 10 pm	Winchester	8 25 am	
3 50 pm	Clay City	9 13 am	
4 06 pm	Stanton	9 23 am	
4 35 pm	Nat. Bridge	9 54 am	
4 49 pm	Torment	10 10 am	
5 11 pm	Beattyville	10 28 am	
6 11 pm	Oak Junction	10 26 am	
6 15 pm	Jackson	10 11 am	

WEST BOUND.			
No. 1, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 3, Daily, ex. Sunday.	
A. M. Arr.		P. M. Arr.	
10 10 am	Jackson	6 05 pm	
9 25 am	Beattyville	5 20 pm	
8 37 am	Torment	4 40 pm	
8 28 am	Nat. Bridge	4 40 pm	
8 01 am	Stanton	4 01 pm	
7 47 am	Clay City	3 57 pm	
7 29 am	J. & E. Junction	3 26 pm	
6 29 am	Winchester	2 30 pm	
6 25 am	Lexington	2 25 pm	

O. & K. BRANCH.				
EAST BOUND.				
No. 33. Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 21. Daily, ex. Sunday.
30	0	Jackson	0	11 20
35	6	O&K Junction.	6	11 26
17	11	Wilburst	11	11 52
30	13	Hampton	13	11 58
10	20	Lee City	20	12 22
18	24	Helechawa	24	12 28
45	27	Cannel City.	27	12 45
P.M. ARR.				

THIS SPACE
BELONGS TO
H. F. PIERATT & CO.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Who carry a larger stock and sell
goods cheaper than any other firm
in town or in this section. Give
them a trial and save money.

RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S
PILLS
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of
the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Fall-
ing or Early Emission, Impotency, Spermatorrhea, Youthful Errors,
Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Con-
sumption and Insanity. With every box we give a written guar-
antee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes
to \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE CHICAGO POST THE HOME PAPER.
Every FARMER should read daily The Chicago Post.
Every LIVE STOCK Shipper should read daily The Chicago Post.
Every PRODUCE Shipper should read daily The Chicago Post.
Every GRAIN Shipper should read daily The Chicago Post.
THE GREAT
MARKET NEWSPAPER.
THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR YOU.
Subscribe through your commission firm, newsdealer or publisher of news-
paper containing this advertisement. Sample copies sent free on request. Address
THE CHICAGO POST, Chicago, Ill.

CLOTHING
I have a nice lot of clothing which I intend
to close out, and if you want a bargain in this
line do not fail to call at once.

SHOES.
Also, I will sell you shoes at \$1.00 that I
have always sold at \$1.25, and the same pro-
portion clear through.
Remember, this is for CASH ONLY!
J. M. ROSE,
THE PEOPLES' FRIEND.

THE DAY MILLINERY
CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF
MILLINERY and NOTIONS,
LADIES' FURNISHINGS,
DRESS GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, &c.,
RIBBONS, HOSE, &c.
And sells everything so low that the poorest may buy.

J. TAYLOR DAY,
CARRIES IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Ladies' and Gents' Shoes,
Standard Groceries,
Lamps and Queensware,
Cutlery and Hardware,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.
In fact everything usually
found in first-class store,
AND SELL AS LOW OR LOWER
THAN ANY COMPETITOR. IT IS
A FACT THAT IN MANY CASES
WE RETAIL AT LESS THAN THEY
PAY IN WHOLESALE QUANTITIES.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.
HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

A Child Witness

By FLORENCE LILLY.

My childhood home was in a quiet little country town where the short 12 years of my life had been spent in peaceful happiness. The days slipped away and the world, to me, was only a great big playhouse, until something happened which brought me to a realization that it was indeed a playhouse but on its stage tragedy and crime played a conspicuous part.

My childhood dreams had a rude awakening. One morning, as I was busy at work in my little garden, I was startled by the sharp clatter of horse's feet, coming down the street. The easy, graceful rider was Harry Derbin, a young man of our town.

He was, indeed, a man to be envied, being endowed with everything to make his life a success. He was handsome, popular and wealthy, and reported, soon to be married to a lovely girl in a neighboring town.

I saw from his flashing eyes that something was terribly wrong. In an instant he had dashed up to the blacksmith door across the street, and with a few words I could not hear, leveled his pistol at the blacksmith's head. The poor fellow begged piteously for mercy, but without a tremor or an relenting glance, young Derbin fired, and the unfortunate man fell to the ground with a groan.

I was rooted to the spot in horror and amazement, but my eyes refused to leave the man, who could by one act of ungovernable passion, cast aside all thought of his future and wreck a life so full of promise as his.

With a glance at his prostrate victim, he coolly placed his revolver back in his pocket, and rode off down the street. As he passed me, he glanced down at my trembling little figure as if to say: "Well, did you see it, little one?" and my throbbing heart answered: "Yes, I, and yes, I, and your Maker saw the deed." Then, as a crowd came rushing up the street, clattered and trembling, I turned and went into the house—not the happy, carefree child that came out, but one blindly confused at this first glimpse of tragedy in the world's playhouse.

Upon investigation it proved that the motive for the deed, while extremely aggravating, did not justify the taking of a man's life. The blacksmith had struck Harry Derbin's little brother for some mischievous prank in his shop, but this was too much for the proud, fiery spirit of the elder brother, and nothing but the man's life would pay the penalty.

He was promptly arrested, and for a time there was great excitement, but after awhile the tumult subsided and, owing to his popularity and the fact that he was the moving spirit in the town's enterprises, public opinion soon began to lean very much in his favor.

Hearing the matter discussed so often, I soon began to consider him as my persecuted hero, but consoled myself that I was the only one who saw the shot fired. But I was bewildered when father brought home one day my summons as the principal witness in the case. I did not then realize what it meant, although father very solemnly told me as we went to the courthouse that "a man's life was in my hands," and that I must "tell the truth and nothing but the truth," about what I saw on that terrible day. He led me into the crowded courtroom, and I searched in vain among the sea of faces for that of my hero. Tremblingly I obeyed the call to the witness stand, and at last saw the pale, handsome face of the man whom my simple words would condemn.

There he sat with his mother, sweetheart, money and friends on one side of his scale of destiny, but alas! soon to be overbalanced by the law, my testimony and justice. His glittering eyes were fixed upon me as if to say: "Be merciful, little girl; you know not what you do." The tears streamed down my face, and between my sobs I told my simple story, which must have carried conviction with it, for the jury had been out of the room only a few moments when they returned with the verdict of "guilty," and then, as the judge thundered out the sentence that Henry Derbin was "to be hung by the neck until he was dead, dead, dead," I realized that this man's life had indeed been placed in my hands.

While the words of the judge rang in my ears the condemned man gave me one reproachful look, then bowed his head and wept as I had never seen a man weep before.

Public sympathy by this time was so much in his favor that the most prominent citizens, by a widely circulated petition, got his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

THE SHIPS NEARING HOME.

Why the bright lights in the harbor that twinkle like stars o'er the foam?
The ship's nearing home!
Why the glad voices, clear-ringing from valley to garlanded dome?
The ship's nearing home!
The path of the perilous voyage is past;
The rocks where the wrecks are; the billow, the blast;
The sailor sings joy for the home-shores at last;
The ship's nearing home!

All stormy the voyage, where ocean wrecks roam,
But the ship's nearing home!
The breath of green meadows, the larks in the loam;
The ship's nearing home!

Was the Night-owl, O Captain, from wild east to west?
The ship's nearing home!
Do the lilies of Love hide the wounds on your breast?
The ship's nearing home!
Soon—soon the sweet haven—God's green vailes of Best—
The ship's nearing home!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Not Worried Over the Bacteria.

A German scientist has found that 12,000,000 bacteria inhabit the skins of half a pound of cherries. The lone worm inside, however, says the Chicago Record-Herald, is the fellow that causes most of the trouble.

From that time my happy, careless life was ended. In vain they tried to impress me that I had only answered the demands of justice, for that shadow was always across my path, and my thoughts and dreams were haunted by the sorrowful, pleading eyes of Henry Derbin.

Ten years later I was married and lived in a neighboring town to our old home. Strange to say, my husband was one of the lawyers for the state in the case of Henry Derbin. At that time he was just starting out in the profession, and his eloquent speeches in that trial was the starting point on his road to success.

We often spoke of the case, and while, of course, as a lawyer, his conscience did not trouble him, he vainly tried to impress on me that I had done only my duty, and that my ideas about it were all a mistake.

As if it were only yesterday I could, in imagination, see his pale handsome face and reproachful eyes as they carried him away to prison.

I think the shock to my sensitive, childish mind completely hushed all whisperings of justice, and the fact only remained that by my words I had doomed a fellow mortal to lifelong misery and shame. My heart ached for him when we heard that once he had attempted to escape by jumping from a boat into the river, but owing to his shakles was promptly captured and returned to prison.

One evening, not long after this, about dusk, my husband and I were sitting on our front porch, when a man came walking quickly down the walk and halted at the steps. I was startled to see that his hands were shackled together, and on one foot he dragged a long chain; he wore a convict's garb, and in his pale, thin face we both recognized the features of Henry Derbin.

He it was—but oh, how changed from the handsome, dashing fellow we had seen to prison years ago! The beautiful brown hair was cut close to his head and the once flashing eyes had the hunted look of a closely pursued animal, and the hideous convict clothes hung like a sack from his emaciated form. He glanced nervously from my husband to my own startled face, but I was glad to see he did not recognize us.

"Friends," he said, "as you see, I am an escaped convict. No doubt you have heard of Henry Derbin, sent to prison from this county years ago. He now stands before you begging for mercy. I have not long to live, but before I die I must see my mother, and the woman who has been true to me since I was a child. I escaped, but can do nothing in these shackles. The officers are not far behind, but they will never take Henry Derbin to prison again," and he significantly



"I AM AN ESCAPED CONVICT."

tapped a revolver in his pocket. "So, friends, for the love of God, file off these chains and set me free."

Oh, how my heart leaped at the thought that I could now undo my work and ease the long troubled conscience. I looked imploringly at my husband, who bid me go and bring the file. I went with flying feet. As I gave it to him he must have read my thoughts. How I longed to tell the poor fellow the part I had taken in his life, and ask the forgiveness I craved, for, as he took the file, he said:

"My man, I am a lawyer, and strange to say, one of those who convicted you, and as such should deliver you up to justice, but for the sake of my wife here, who was your child's nurse, and has always grieved over your sad fate, I will set you free."

He fixed his sad gaze upon me and said: "Do not trouble yourself, dear madam, it was justice, for I brought it on myself by my rashness and fiery temper, but God only knows how I bless you for giving me even a few hours of freedom."

He left us and hurried away toward his home. My heart felt lighter than it had for years, and I prayed that the poor fellow would have the privilege of seeing his mother and sweetheart again. But my hopes were dashed away as a number of officers dashed past the house in close pursuit of their prisoner. They had only been gone a few moments when a pistol shot rang clear and sharp on the evening air. My husband caught my shuddering form in his arms, for we knew that, by his own hand, the soul of Henry Derbin had gone to trial in a higher court, where I would not be called as a witness.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INTEMPERANCE OF WOMEN.

There Are 8,000 in London Who Have Been Convicted of Drunkenness More Than Ten Times.

Intemperance among women was the formal subject of discussion this week at the Church house, Westminster. Sir Thomas Barlow, the king's physician, speaking on the medical side of the question, said that intemperance among women had a striking effect on the nervous system.

The type of illness, said Sir Thomas, due to drink, resulting in paralysis, was much commoner among women than men. None of the worst alcoholic diseases could be cured in less than 12 months. Removal of the cause was more efficacious than other treatment.

The bishops of London and Kensington testified to the terrible results of taking drugs, which habit they said, was very prevalent among society women in the west end of London. It was stated, said the New York Times, that in London alone there were 8,900 women who had been convicted of drunkenness over ten times.

VICTIMS OF DAME FASHION.



—New York Times.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Twenty persons used the railways of Bavaria last year as an aid in committing suicide.

More than 100,000,000 pounds of white fish and trout are taken from our great lakes every year.

At a recent meeting of the Swiss Alpine club it was stated that 462, or 58 per cent, of the Swiss guides are insured.

Suicide of a New York school teacher because her pupils misbehaved only indicates how far we have got away from the golden age of the rawhide.

Molokai, the leper island of Hawaii, is overrun with many thousands of red deer, the descendants of a few that were imported from England to stock parks.

It is not only in the United States that cantaloupes are an uncertain quantity. Even in Spain, the paradise of melon eaters, they have a proverb that buying a melon is like getting married.

The taxpayers of the United Kingdom pay 29 shillings three pence a year per head of the population toward navy and army, while the most heavily weighted countries, having 120 such shillings five pence a year per head of the population for naval and military purposes.

Despite opposition at Athens, where the press was strongly opposed to the scheme, the municipal council of Corfu has ratified the contract which the mayor of Corfu made with a syndicate of European capitalists to allow the establishment at Corfu of a gambling casino on an elaborate scale.

California ranks third among the states of the union in the number of prisoners, having 120 such prisoners, against 211 in New York and 271 in Maryland, but California leads both those states in the value of its output, which amounts to \$13,000,000 annually, as against \$7,000,000 in the other states. This applies to vegetables only. In fruit California can \$7,300,000 worth annually, as against \$1,600,000 in Maryland, which is the most put up in any other state.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

Hathamite Is the Latest Addition to the Long List of Powerful Detonators.

The most powerful explosive known is "Hathamite," a recently discovered substance, which showed remarkable qualities under recent tests, reports the New York World.

Besides having the maximum of explosive power, this strange material, which is the discovery of G. M. Hathaway, of Wellsboro, Pa., is the most difficult to explode.

To test it on this point the following seemingly dangerous experiments were tried without effect:
Lighted matches were thrown into it.
It was pounded to powder on a sledge.
Shells were exploded near it.
Light percussion caps were discharged in it.

To explode the material a heavy percussion cap must be used, but then it detonates with terrific force.

Some of the tests of its explosive force were:
A small charge of the mixture was exploded upon a sheet of quarter-inch boiler-plate. It cut a hole in the steel as cleanly as a machine could do it.

The Women's Rights' Battle Is Won

By LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE.
President of the New York City Legislative League.

PRACTICALLY, the woman suffrage battle is won. I cannot remember the beginnings of the struggle, but in days that are well within my recollection the announcement that a woman proposed to address a public meeting was likely to be greeted in any company with bursts of laughter, while that a woman should desire to vote was regarded as something so monstrous as to be almost incredible. The strange things of the past are the commonplaces of to-day.

It is the women's clubs that have done the work for us. I doubt if the woman suffrage organizations are any stronger now than they were a few years ago; I believe they are less strong. They miss Mrs. Stanton and the active work of Miss Anthony. But irresistibly, if indirectly and unconsciously, the women's clubs, associations, leagues and federations, are pressing the cause to victory. In the early days of Sorosis woman suffrage was a forbidden topic, esteemed dangerous to handle. Now I scarcely pass the doorway of a woman's club that I do not hear hearty applause greeting some mention of the need of juster laws for women, some tribute to the pioneers in woman's cause, some forward look to days when women shall be fully recognized by the government.

This cordial attitude of the women's clubs makes it more difficult to get members for woman suffrage associations. When a woman is asked to join a club whose object is political, she says: "Why should I? It only means more dues to pay, more papers to read, more speeches to which to listen. I get all that in my literary club."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IS THE LEAVEN THAT IS LEAVENING THE WHOLE WOMAN'S CLUB LUMP. And the enormous growth and spread of the clubs mean the organization of a sex. A sex that is organized has only to ask; it is not to be resisted. PRACTICALLY THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CAUSE IS WON.

NEW WAY UNPLEASANT.

He Was Used to Holding Up a Bank When He Wanted Money—Old Methods Superseded.

When civilization reached Ping Hill City, a bank was established, and one of the first customers was old man Johnson. A few days later he wanted money, and entered the place with a gun in his hand, relates the Boston Globe.

"Want some money to-day?" queried the president. "Well, it's ready for you."

"Say, I don't understand," exclaimed the old man, as he backed off. "I'm here to hold this bank up for \$30."

"But you don't have to. Just sign this check, and I'll hand over your money."

"And I don't yell or shoot?"
"No."
"And the sheriff don't come after me?"

"No. Put your name to this."
"I can't do it—can't do it, nohow," said the old man, with a choke in his voice. "If that's the new way of doin' things, I'm out of it. I want my money, but I want it in the old way."

"Well, have it in the old way, then." The old man tramped forward to the cashier's window, rested the muzzle of his gun on the ledge and yelled out:

"Come down, or you are a dead man!"
"Certainly. Here's thirty."
"And—is that all there is to it?"
"That's all."
"Then I'll be hanged if I want it," he said, and he threw the money back and went outdoors and sat down on a barrel of sugar in front of a grocery, and shed tears.

"HARDENING" OF CHILDREN.

A Few Helpful Rules Given—All Respects to Follow Unwise Measures Sometimes Adopted.

Hecker is outspoken in his objections to the methods pursued in the so-called "hardening" of children by the means of cold douches or baths. As a rule, children thus treated are more susceptible to nasal catarrhs, throat affections, bronchitis and pulmonary inflammations than those who have not been subjected to the "hardening" process, says the New York Medical Record. Furthermore, such measures frequently give rise to pronounced nervous and various disorders of the nervous system. Children so "hardened" are especially prone to acute and chronic intestinal disorders.

While in healthy children a properly conducted "hardening" process is often of advantage, it must be remembered that there are no hard and fast rules, and that every case must be treated according to the individual indications. The fundamental principles of a proper "hardening" system are as follows: (1) Gradual acclimation to the air of the room; (2) gradual acclimation to outdoor air; (3) gradual acclimation to cold water; (4) suitable clothing—varied according to the weather and time of year. Great care should be observed in acclimating the child to cold water, and the effects of the same should be carefully watched, the endeavors being at once suspended on the first appearance of any unfavorable symptoms.

On no account should any of the "hardening" measures be commenced until the nursing period is passed, and in all cases the process should be one of gradual advancement.

THE DEFECT IN THE RECORD.

English and French Rather Mixed in the Minutes of a Religious Conference.

At a Baptist convention recently held in the south the minutes of the first day were recorded by a man of calm and deliberate speech, while one of the speakers of the occasion was a quick-tempered gentleman named French. By some oversight no minutes were made in the minutes of Mr. French's words, and when the minutes were read next day Mr. French was quick on his feet, with the remark that he objected to the minutes being accepted.

"On what grounds do you object?" questioned the presiding officer.

"I object to the English; the report is not in good English," said the gentleman.

A pause ensued, while everybody looked at the recording secretary, who slowly rose to his feet.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked, in calm, deliberate fashion, "I won't defend the English of the report, but I admit there was no French in it."

A burst of merriment greeted his words, and the minutes were accepted.

Barberry Preserve.

New England housekeepers make a delicious preserve from barberries. These berries are offered in New York markets in the autumn, and a few jars of the sweet lend an agreeable variety to the list of put-up fruits. Stem, wash and measure the barberries, allowing a pint of sugar to a pint of berries. Cook together till they are boiled to a sirup and the fruit is tender. Add a quarter of a pound of raisins to every pound of fruit. Seal while hot in jars. Defer the preserving of barberries till after the first frost has touched the fruit.—N. Y. Post.

Sweet Potatoes à la Creole.

Scrape six large sweet potatoes and cut in half the long way. Put them in a baking dish and cover with milk, adding half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of butter. Moisten half a cup of bread crumbs with one egg slightly beaten. Cover the potatoes with these and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.—Albany Argus.

Celery Sauce.

Ten large tomatoes, four large heads of celery, five large onions, one large green or red pepper, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one and one-half cups vinegar. Chop fine, mix well and boil until thick, then bottle and seal.—Good Housekeeping.

FUNNY FOLKS

He'd Obey Orders.
This account of a conversation between an officer and a private comes from the Philippines. An officer of the day, meeting a sentinel on outpost, paused to ask him if he knew his orders.
"Yes, sir," said the sentinel.
Officer—Suppose you were rushed by 100 bolomen, what would you do?
"Form a line, sir," replied the sentinel.
"What! One man form a line?"
"Yes, sir; I'd form a bee-line for camp!"—N. Y. News.

A Good Send-Off.
The following testimonial was recently given to an illiterate servant girl:
"This is to certify that the bearer has been in my service for one year, less 11 months. During that time I found her to be diligent, at the front door; temperate, at her work; attentive, to herself; prompt, at excuses; amiable, towards young tradesmen; faithful, to the policeman; and honest, when everything was under lock and key."—Tit-Bits.

Not Needed.
The "aggregation" was about ready to start on its tour of one-night stands when a young man appeared and asked for an engagement.
"What's your line?" inquired the manager.
"I do a magic disappearance act," replied the applicant.
"Not needed," returned the manager brusquely. "It's my custom to do that act myself on salary day."—Chicago Post.

A Reason.
Prof. Blank was instructing a class of schoolboys about the circulation of the blood.
"Can you tell me," said he, "why it is that if I were to stand on my head there would be a rush of blood to my head, and that there is no rush of blood to my feet when I stand upon them?"
For a moment there was silence, and then a boy answered: "It's because your feet are not empty, sir."—N. Y. Times.

The Neatness of Clara.
Clara, playing with the swapper, overran her brother Ned.
When they told her grandma of it, "Clara's neat," was all she said.—Princeton Tiger.

SHE WAS SO GLAD.

She (to visitor, who has been ill)—I hope you have decided to go away?
Visitor—Yes, I'm going to-morrow.
She—I'm so glad!—Punch.

Advice for Myrtilla.
The wise Mohammedan would call. Removes his footgear in the outer hall. I wish Myrtilla were a True Believer! It, when she comes, she would remove her skirt. 'Twould spare us many microbes and much dirt. And make us still more happy to receive her!—The Crank.

He Got Them.
Little Jack—When me's a little older, will 'oo take me out to buy sweets, dad?
Father (thinking it an easy promise to make)—Yes, dear, certainly I will. Little Jack (after a minute's interval)—Daddy, me's a little older now.—Ally Sloper.

Easily Found.
"Why does Blumer always come out of the house with such an ugly expression?"
"I suppose he's looking for trouble."
"Well, I don't see why he has to go away from home to find it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liberty with a String.
Mrs. R.—And you really allow your husband to carry a latchkey?
Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; I believe in being reasonable in such things. Besides, John knows very well that I will take the key away from him if he ever stays out later than ten o'clock.—Chicago American.

The Difference.
"I tell you," asserted the strong-minded woman, "women can do men's work as well as men can do it."
"That may be so," said the philosophical man, "and it only proves man's mental superiority. He never tries to do woman's work as well as woman can."—Brooklyn Life.

The Last Straw.
Little Tompkins (on his dignity)—Marie, I've been a good husband to you all these years, have been patient, and have put up with every humiliation, but just now I shall not have my son's trousers cut down for me.—Tit-Bits.

Grateful, Not—
"My parishioners," said the clerical looking caller, taking the proprietor of the jewelry store aside, "have presented me with a magnificent loving cup holding ten quarts. I'd like to trade it for a soup bowl."—Chicago Tribune.

A Vague Reply.
"Do you think you could be happy with a man like me?" said Willie Washington earnestly.
"Oh! yes," answered Miss Cayenne after a pause. "I think so; if he wasn't too much like you."—Washington Star.

There's Nothing Like System.
Teacher—In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?
Pupil—I don't know.
Teacher—It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the 12 Apostles. Add half that number to them. That's 18. Multiply that by 100. That's 1,800. Take the 12 Apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's 18. Add what you've got. That's 1,818. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system.—Tit-Bits.

A Slight Difficulty.
The dictionary is to my right. Disclose words and words again. If I could but arrange them right I'd be a genius with the pen.—Washington Star.

HE TOOK CHANCES.

Constable—Where did you get that turkey?
Cook—I just done took chances down in the village and won him.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Experience.
When speaks the People's Voice in thunder times
And lightning flashes from a sky o'ercast,
The politician smiles; for, in his bones,
He knows that thunder showers do not last.—Brooklyn Life.

Unreasonable Man.
"But, my dear," protested Mr. Young when Mrs. Young showed him her purchases for the day, "why have you bought four dozen clothes pins when all the washing is done at the laundry?"
"Oh, Harry, how can you be so horrid?" began Mrs. Young, tearfully. "Why, they were bargains."—N. Y. News.

Street Car Speed.
"Ever notice," asked the street car philosopher, "how the speed of street cars is regulated by our frame of mind?"
"In what way?"
"Notice how slow a street car is when you are in a hurry to catch a train—and how fast it goes when you run to catch it."—Baltimore Herald.

Told of Bright Pet Wolf.
There is in the Berlin Zoological gardens a wolf that has been trained to follow its keeper about like a dog. The keeper who once had it in charge returned to the zoo after a three years' absence the other day and was at once recognized by his old pet.

His Objection.
Mother—Eric, do you like your arithmetic?
Eric—No'm. I think the influence of that book is unwholesome and depressing.
Mother—Why?
Eric—Because it is full of horrible examples.—N. Y. Herald.

Value Received.
Success' price is sometimes high. They say, but that's all jargon; whoever gets success at all is sure to get a bargain.—Puck.

Those Dangerous Analogies.
Mother—You must go to bed, Lemuel. The little chickens go to bed at sundown.
Lemuel—Yes, but the old hen goes with them.—Chicago Daily News.

The Hero of the Hour.
You want to lionize him and He gladly lets you. He smiles and shakes you by the hand. And then forgets you.—Washington Star.

Easy Way Out.
Little Ethel (horrified)—We've invited too many children to our tea party. There isn't enough for them to get more than a bit each.
Little Dot (resignedly)—That's too bad. We'll have to call it a reception.—Tit-Bits.

A Sense of Certainty.
"Is a sho' he loves you?" asked Miss Miami Brown.
"Is I sho?" rejoined the other pityingly. "Is I sho? Didn't he refuse a invitation to a dog fight so he could come a-courtin' las' Wednesday night?"—Washington Star.

His Trouble.
Jack—I'm not up on these things. Suppose a girl sends you a very beautiful and artistic penwiper—
Tom—Yes?
Jack—Will she feel hurt if you spoil its appearance by using it, or will she feel hurt if you don't?—Brooklyn Life.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Millinery of the Moment Distinguished by Rare Beauty.

Teagowns, Jackets and Coffee Coats Are in Tossant Demand Just Now—Black Fabrics in High Favor.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

WE ARE just now in the very midst of the winter fashions and each week brings some new model. After a careful survey I am convinced that fashions grow more and more beautiful with each passing season. More beautiful, more elaborate, and alas, more costly. Millinery, for instance, has never been prettier or more expensive than at the present moment. Many women, notwithstanding, experience the greatest difficulty in getting headgear that is pretty and becoming, partly owing to the fact that they are unwilling to pay a fair price for their hats. As I have said, the models of the moment are lovely in the extreme, but none are cheap in any sense of the word, for every item that goes into their exquisite makeup is of the finest quality. Look at the beautiful panne hats now all the rage, and also observe the size and quality of the feather used to adorn them. Even the uninitiated should be able to recognize their worth. After all, the woman who is wise in her day and generation considers that one thick, glossy ostrich plume is much to be preferred to a collection of trashy little ones that get out of curl on the slightest provocation. The new small turban toque is considered quite the smartest thing brought out this far, while the flat French sailor hat—also known as the muffs hat—in white silk beaver is the shape most sought after by chic, up-to-date young matrons.

Some of the new walking skirts are indeed very charming. They are fashioned



AN IDEAL HOUSE ROBE.

to just clear the ground, and the prettiest are killed up to about four inches of the waist line, where they are put into a shaped yoke. Other desirable models are heavily strapped, while others again are prettily trimmed with a fancy silk braid of a corresponding color.

There seems to be very little difference between the evening bodice and the evening blouse of the hour, simply because the best dressmakers now longer bone the evening bodice, but allow it to bag in much the same manner as do the smart-looking blouses. In both bodices and blouses the French modiste has utterly discarded the transparent lace yoke in favor of the high lace collar and dainty chiffon jabot.

To some of to-day's best creations in outer garments no description could do justice. As for fur garments one is tempted to spend a small fortune on them. For those of us who cannot do this, however, some compensation is offered in the new gray squirrel boas which are now obtainable at a rather small cost and yet are very smart indeed, when worn with discretion. My advice to women with a small income is to pick up a pretty thing of this description, if they can, always, of course, wearing it with the greatest of care. It is well to remember that the woman with plenty of money, combined with exquisite taste, can always look well dressed, but it is when the allowance is small and many calls made upon it that the real difficulty arises.

It seems to me at this season of the year one sees the best fashions in the way of lounging robes and teagowns, and one marvels at the wonderful creations in smart-looking teajackets and dainty little coffee coats constantly putting in an appearance. Perhaps it is because the cozy warmth of these most delightful of garments appeals to the particular time of the year that the fashion makers are led to put forth their best efforts in this direction during the winter months.

In the new comfortable looking lounging robes one sees much compensation for the ills of life, always provided one is not too ill to take note of such things. In the interesting matter of material of which these garments are fashioned there is also

lately no limit to them. The prettiest, however, according to my notion, are made of silk and wool delain, with a most luxurious lining of wadded silk. All are made with loose flowing sleeves. Some are prettily trimmed with silk cord and fancy buttons, while not a few others are given a decidedly dressy appearance by means of a full jabot which is allowed to fall from the throat to the hem of the skirt.

When one wanders into the realm of the teagown the temptation to spend money is almost irresistible. Of course, the material par excellence for this lovely garment is crepe de chine, although during the week I have seen some charming models made of soft silk, also of all-wool cashmere. The prettiest are made in the "empire" or the somewhat newer princess shape. This lat-



A Dainty Coffee Coat.

ter style requires yards and yards of lace and ribbon for its ornamentation, or else it will err on the side of too much plainness, which would prove a fatal error in the teagown of the hour. There are so many details which make or mar the becomingness of a teagown that only the expert is able to bring about the best results. The draping of the back with lace just above the waist line takes off what would otherwise be a too severe appearance, and the pretty swathing of the front adds most graceful lines, and yet if attempted by one not possessing the requisite skill the whole good result would be utterly lost.

The only difference I have been able to distinguish between the modish teajacket and the coffee coat is that one is given the pretty finish of a high collar of lace, while the other is fashioned to be worn open at the throat. I saw a lovely teajacket yesterday made of silk in a soft shade of pink and coolly lined throughout with nun's veiling. Groups of tiny tucks and a jabot of lace ornamented the front, while the sleeves were prettily tucked and finished with falling frills of silk and soft lace.

Some of the sweetest-looking coffee coats yet seen were made of the rather old-fashioned surah silk, with modish applique designs and insertions of the cream-tinted lace.

Others were fashioned entirely of lace, with a pretty colored silk lining showing beneath. These little coats are dainty in the extreme, and quite the thing to buy, if one has the price.



SWELL VISITING COSTUME.

the water that this somber hue is the most popular thing in Paris and, of course, it follows that the craze will reach our shores at no distant day. Some black fabrics have a glory all their own, and their beauty is further enhanced by the knowing modiste through the decorative qualities of lace and chiffon. The true artist will put four or five shades of black in one black frock, and then we are able to realize the wonderful beauty and becomingness of all black.

And so it happens that a woman who possesses good furs, good lace, good feathers and a good black gown need never be demodee in the important matter of dress.

KATE GARDNER.

BEAR HUNTS IN THE SOUTH.

Ancient Function to Which President Roosevelt Was Introduced in the Mississippi Lowlands.

The recent trip of President Roosevelt to the Mississippi lowlands shows that the method of hunting black bears in southern swamps has not altered a particle in a hundred years. Somebody living down there once found out the best way in which to get them, and the southerner is wise enough to know that there is no sense in trying to improve the best.

Then, as now, bear was hunted with a huge pack of nondescript dogs, containing pretty nearly every breed and mixture of all the breeds and some breeds unknown. The planters and other Mississippi residents did their best for the president, and that he did not get anything was due wholly to bad luck. The bears are there, the horses, the men, the swamps and several hundred thousands of the dogs.

When a lot of men in Mississippi or Louisiana or lower Alabama, say, the New York Sun, want to go bear hunting they begin, as a general thing, to talk about it six weeks beforehand—the southerner always likes to talk a hunting trip over before he starts; he gets almost as much enjoyment out of the preliminary talk as out of the hunt; and as he is never in a hurry about anything, he talks slowly and at length.

The long talk ended, arrangements for the chase begin with the parties to it stealing every stray dog they can lay their hands on within a month. These dogs are shut up in a pen on some plantation and get well acquainted with one another, as torn ears testify when they are let out.

Dogs of every conceivable shape and color are prisoners, and of all sizes, from the little fox which runs along inside of the doorway fence and barks at small boys to the heavy-headed, heavy-lidded cross between a mastiff and a deerhound. Sometimes a lucky man picks up the product of a Newfoundland sire and a dachshund mother, and the product is welcomed by all as a mascot.

Southerners preparing for a bear hunt will steal any kind of a dog except a hound which shows blood or a bird dog. Those two varieties are sacred and not to be sent against a bear to be smashed up.

Dog appearances are desirable. Occasionally a splendid specimen, with a bull or terrier strain, will turn tail and run like a streak at first sight of a bear; while a miserable, half-starved, droop-tailed, slinking brute, a mixture between a cur and a spitz, will fight like a drunken devil, sailing straight in, with abject tail defiantly rigid and ears laid back, fastening a hold on the bear and enduring a death hug without a whimper.

Almost all these dogs have nose enough to follow a bear scent, which in the slushy, watery soil of the swamp is strong. They are taken from a big wagon, when camp is reached and they stay there because they know that is the only place within 20 miles where they are likely to get anything to eat.

It is their business when the trail is found the next day to stay on it and run it out and bring the bear to bay, and they must be good enough fighters to keep the bear at bay until the hunters, guided first by the sounds of their barking and then by the sounds of conflict, approach near enough to shoot.

To the credit of these nondescripts it must be said that, while every pack contains a few defaulters, most of them go in as if they liked it, and are knocked right and left with smashed ribs or ripped sides, pulling over and over in the ooze and bloody from nose to tail root, but getting up and going in again if they are strong enough. Some great fights happen under these circumstances, fights well enough and savage enough to make the men with the guns stand still and watch with staring eyes until they are driven off by the dogs compelling them to shoot.

There are plenty of bears in the southern swamps, and a hunt down there is probably the noisiest thing in the world except a socialist-labor convention. It is full of hard riding and hilarity, mud and blood, strange scenes and sounds and healthy fatigue.

TWO SOURCES OF GERMS.

Moistening Lead Pencils with Lips and Biting Chalk Fans Cause Much Trouble.

"Great attention should be given to two apparently unimportant things which I assure you can and frequently do cause no end of trouble," said one of Washington's best known physicians one day, according to the Star. "The trouble is seldom traced to its source, viz., the lead pencil and the biting at the rim of the fans which are placed in the pews of churches for the accommodation of the congregation. The lead pencil seems to be principally confined to women and children. In a moment of hurry a woman will borrow a pencil from an unkempt man whose pencil for the most part occupies the space behind his ear.

"At the request for the pencil out it comes, and the fastidious lady who dreads the street cars and will ride on the open cars all winter, because she fears close contact with the passengers, will straightway moisten the lead with her lips, and proceed to write in a perfectly contented frame of mind, making repeated trips to her mouth with the pencil. Children seem to be of the belief that it is next to impossible to write with a lead pencil until they have wet the lead in their mouths.

"And about fans, have you ever noticed how most people will bite and bite on a fan that in every way bears the evidence of old age, and of having been bitten many times? It seems to make no difference in the world—the fact that the fans are common property and that they are much beloved by the tobacco-chewing men as they do to the sweet-faced, refined, dainty women, does not matter. They seem to be happy in the pastime of biting on indefinitely.

"When sores appear that do not come from fever, were I to suggest such a source as I have just described, nervous prostration would be the result in many cases."

HAPPY ENGAGEMENT.

J. Medill McCormick, of Chicago, Soon to Become the Husband of Miss Ruth Hanna.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Ruth Hanna, daughter of the senior United States senator from Ohio, and Medill McCormick, of Chicago, a grandson of the late Cyrus H. McCormick and Joseph Medill. The date for the union has not yet been fixed, but it will doubtless take place in the near future. The alliance of two such prominent families promises to be an event of great interest in their circles. Chicago is the home and was the birthplace of the prospective groom, and here, says the Chicago



J. MEDILL MCCORMICK. (Young Chicagoan Who Is Engaged to Miss Ruth Hanna.)

Chronicle, he has long been known as one of the foremost among the young society people of the city. Miss Hanna's home is at Cleveland, and there she was reared in all the luxury that affluence and indulgent parents could bestow upon her. For several seasons she has been one of the leading social lights in the national capital. While Senator Hanna has never been noted for his leadership except in politics, he has given several notable receptions at Washington, and at these his daughter has been conspicuous and has won all hearts by her grace and beauty. She is, with a young woman of rare tact and intelligence and is accomplished in all those arts that lend a charm to the society of the period. In any society she would be regarded as a leader, independently of her father's exalted position. Her demeanor is exceedingly modest and she never has sought to obtrude herself. Nevertheless, her presence at all the leading social functions at the capital has been greatly in request during the two seasons that have elapsed since her debut.

Mr. McCormick has been for a number of years connected with several of the leading Chicago clubs, and in each he is a favorite with both old and young. He possesses excellent business ability, is genial to a fault, correct in his personal habits and in every way an exemplary citizen. The match is regarded as one of the most suitable that could be arranged and the young people will receive the hearty congratulations of hosts of friends who have known them from the days of their childhood up to the present time and have esteemed them for their high standards of deportment and their admirable qualities generally. It has not yet been determined where the young people will take up their residence, but as Mr. McCormick's financial interests are centered in Chicago it is probable they will reside here a large portion of the time, making occasional visits to Washington and Cleveland that they may not be too sorely missed in those cities.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY.

Eastern Democrats Think He Would Make an Excellent Candidate for the Presidency.

William F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, who has just been announced as a candidate for the democratic nomination for president in 1904, has been a promi-



WILLIAM F. HARRITY. (Latest Democratic Possibility for Presidential Nomination.)

nent figure in state and national politics since 1884, when he served as a delegate to the democratic national convention. From 1885 to 1889 he was postmaster of Philadelphia, chairman of the state central committee in 1890, secretary of state of Pennsylvania from 1891 to 1895, chairman of the democratic national committee from 1892 to 1896, and delegate to the Chicago convention of the last named year. Mr. Harrity is an able lawyer and is president of the Equitable Trust company. He is 52 years old.

Russians as Musicians. Russian people are natural musicians. Accordingly every Russian youth, as a rule, takes to playing on some one of the national instruments. One of those is a curious three-stringed guitar called a "balalaika." Another is the square, old-fashioned concertina or accordion, known as a "garmouka," which is greatly loved throughout the land of the mujiks. Taking his instrument in his hand, young Ivan or Stepan, goes courting on the long winter nights. If not he is apt to spend far too much of his time in the "kabak" or "traktir," and if he imbibes too freely of vodka he is apt, after being turned out late at night, to be found by the police lying in the snow with his garmouka under his arm.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A Few Rains and Current Suggestions and Some Old-Time Recipes.

It saves trouble to purchase currants and raisins all ready cleaned, but these goods are generally supplied by inferior stock, so that it is cheaper and better to buy the best raisins and currants in the bulk, which come uncleaned and clean them at home. There are two kinds of raisins commonly used in the household, the sweet Malaga raisin, which must be seeded, and the seedless Sultan raisin. Both are grown and cured in California. It is a good plan to purchase about ten pounds of the seedless Sultan raisins at a time. If they are properly cleaned and dried and kept in a tight tin box there is little danger of their becoming wormy or mouldy.

To clean these throw a cupful of sifted flour over a pound at a time, and rub them thoroughly through the flour with the hands. Then sift them through a wire sieve about as fine as a flour sieve. This will remove the flour and the stalks. Wash the raisins well in a pan of water for about five minutes. Then drain them handful by handful on to a brown paper spread in a dripping pan. Let them dry for about ten minutes in a moderately hot oven. Finally leave them in the heating closet of the stove to become thoroughly dry. This will take about two days. Store them in large tin boxes with tight covers and they will keep five months, says the New York Tribune.

Zante currants may be cleaned in the same way, but must be carefully washed to remove the stones, stalks and stems.

It is not wise to prepare more than five pounds of Malaga raisins at any time for a large family. Pick off the stems of the raisins carefully and remove the seeds with the fingers of a small knife, dipping the fingers in a bowl of cold water from time to time to prevent their sticking. Close up the raisins in their original form after seeding them. Dry them in a warm oven and put them away in a tight tin can. They will keep at least six months. It is easier to seed raisins by pouring boiling water over them, but they do not keep as well after this process. The good practice of boiling raisins so that they may be tender in cake successfully destroys their flavor.

Store from a quarter to half a pound of candied citron, the same amount of candied lemon and candied orange peel. Put them also in tight boxes, with covers. When needed in fruit pudding shred a tablespoonful of either kind of candied peel to a quart mold of pudding, in which raisins and currants are also used. This is a small amount compared with what the liberal American housekeeper uses, but it is sufficient in any except regular plum pudding. Candied lemon and orange peel are generally purchased at the grocery store, but are better prepared at home. For candied orange peel use the sweet seedless California oranges. Peel about half a dozen oranges at a time and cut off all the white inner rind; cut it in small chips. Soak the peel overnight in water enough to cover it; add about a quarter of a cupful of salt to a half gallon of water. Drain the orange peel the next morning. Rinse it and boil for 20 minutes in fresh water. Drain it again and boil in another water for 20 minutes more; then drain and for the third time in fresh water for another 20 minutes. Rinse the orange peel after each boiling in clear cold water. Now boil for the fourth and last time, making a thick syrup by putting to every pound of orange peel a pound of sugar and a cup of water. Boil it down until quite thick. When thoroughly candied, turn it into a dish of granulated sugar, and after mixing it well with the sugar until the peel is firm and dry put it in a sieve and sift out all loose sugar. Separate the pieces of peel and set them away until they are hard enough to store away in tin boxes. Orange peel and lemon peel for cake or pudding can be candied in large pieces and shredded when needed.

Lemon peel is candied in exactly the same way as orange. Use the thin-skinned Messina lemon. Where orange or lemon peel is simply used as a button it is always shredded as described before it is candied.

THE SHIRT-WAIST SUIT.

Just as Much the Fashion This Winter as It Was Last Summer.

The shirt-waist suit is no longer solely associated with the summer girl. The girl of the autumn and winter has had claim to it. The truth is, the summer girl when she merged into the winter girl just couldn't give it up. And why should she? It had proven the most useful gown she had ever owned—practical for so many occasions, and with a certain simple, yet distinctive, smart style of its own. And so it is that the shirt-waist suit is just as much the fashion this winter as it was during the summer days.

In fact, for every-day wear it is the most popular costume of the season, says Woman's Home Companion. It is made up not only in cheviot and any of the soft wools, but in velvet and velvet, which give it a broader range of usefulness than ever. Of course, it doesn't deprive the pedestrian suit of its important place in the wardrobe of the well-gowned woman, it simply divides honors with it. The new pedestrian suit is a trifle longer than it was in the spring. It just clears the ground all around, and is referred to as the instep skirt. There is no longer the slightest trace of awkwardness about it. It is gracefully hanging skirt.

Compromise. Wife—But why don't you want me to buy you neckties any more? Husband—Well, er—let rather buy them myself than have you go to all that trouble.

But I like to do things for you. Oh, in that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter.—Chicago Daily News.

Terribly Wearing. Mrs. Wile—I am sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing.

Mrs. Luers—Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've grown to look six months older!—Stray Stories.



HOW TO TELL THE TIME.

I've just learned how to tell the time. My mother taught me to. An' if you think you'd like to learn, I guess I might teach you. At first, though, it's as hard as fun. An' makes you twist and turn. My mother says that they is folks, Big folks, what never learn. You stand before the clock, jus' so. An' start right at the top. That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach the little hand, you stop. Now, that's the hour, but you've got to watch what you're about. Because the hardest part is to come. To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where. You started from, an' see. How far the minute-hand's away. Like this—you're watchin' me? An' when you've found the minute-hand you multiply by five. An' then you've got the time o' day, As sure as you're alive. They's folks, I know, what says that they Don't have to count that way. That they can tell by jus' a glance. At any time o' day. But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that. Because if that was true, My ma would know it, but she showed Me like I'm showin' you. —W. W. Whitestock, in Leslie's Monthly.

BATTLE WITH EAGLE.

Illinois Man Has a Night Adventure in the Woods Which He Will Not Soon Forget.

A hand to claw battle with an eagle was fought by Harry T. Allen, of Galesburg. Mr. Allen now has the bird in Chicago, where it is being stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist, and will soon go to ornament his home. Mr. Allen, who is a cigar manufacturer, went on a moon hunt with a party of Galesburg friends in the Ellettswood, near Roseville, Ill. The party had a fair bunch of dogs, mostly coon dogs, and was expecting to get results in short order. The dogs were ranging the woods for coon and were exceedingly busy for about two hours. Along about midnight the party heard the dogs baying and barking at a furious rate in the woods off toward the creek, a quarter of a mile away.

As the party approached the spot where the dogs were assembled they came to the conclusion that the dogs had simply gone crazy, as they were not near a tree, but were, instead, running up and down the bank of the creek and barking at some big, dark object on a stump ten or fifteen feet from the edge.

It was a dark night and at first the coon hunter could not distinguish what the object was. Mr. Allen said it was a bird of some sort, probably an owl, but in any event he intended to get a closer view.

Taking his ax, he waded in toward the bird, while his companions held their torches high on the bank to



THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS.

give him as much light as possible. He says:

"I waded in toward the bird intending to kill it with a knock on the head with the ax, and I was a little bit hasty, as I feared it would fly away before I could get it. In my hurry to reach the bird I did not take the care I should, and as I struck at it with the ax my foot slipped on the mud, and I fell. "By the time I had recovered my footing the bird got into the game in earnest. I made another lunge at it with the ax, and it made one at me with its beak, getting me in the leg; I missed my stroke.

"The bird had a good nip on me and it was close fighting, with the bird's huge wings going all the time like thrashing machines.

"It was up to me to do something and do it quickly if I did not want to be ripped into strips by the bird. "I reached for its neck with my left hand and put a strangle on it to make the creature let go of my leg, and in that I was successful only in a measure. The bird loosened its hold with its beak and took hold of my hand with its claw. Its talons went clear through my left hand, and by that time I was as mad as the bird. I took a good purchase on my ax and aimed the next and last blow with some care, and got the bird on the head.

"He was out for keeps, but that claw of his was gripped on my hand as if it would never come loose.

"I dragged the whole outfit to the bank, and then the boys forced open the claw on my hand and released me."

It was a bald eagle and his wings measure seven feet two inches from tip to tip.—Chicago Tribune.

Sly Dog and a Knowing.

A resident of Kansas City is the proud possessor of a dog that knows a book agent the moment he sets eyes on him. The man may be dressed in any fashion and may conceal his samples as he pleases, but the dog, according to his owner, will detect him at once, and at once show fight. Ordinarily the dog is peaceable enough; he is, moreover, of the sort generally known as "yellow," but his one great virtue lends him a unique value.

MAMMY LOUIZA'S BABY.

How a Wee, New "Lady Baby" in the South Came to Be Christened "Louise."

Mammy Louiza was a great woman; and although her cheek was as dark and withered as a prune, and she was old and fat, and often walked with a limp when she declared that the weather as seen out of the nursery window "looked like it was fixin' to rain," and though she wore old-fashioned French calico frocks and a plaid turban tied over her gray hair, there were four golden-haired little children who respectively pronounced her "be-ye-u-ti-ful," "boos-hi-ful," "boof-ful" and "pweety." This last, the wee Louise, who called her "pweety," was mammy's pet; and although but three years old, she was clever enough to measure a new word inside her little mouth before daring to attempt it. On the particular occasion when she had



MAMMY AND LADY BABY.

watched the lips of her sisters and brother while they wrestled with the fascinating "beautiful" word, with resolute so various, she suddenly switched off, her merry eyes twinkling as she did it, and said:

"I tink my mammy's pweety."

There was a little mischief in the "my," too, and for good reasons.

It would never have occurred to you, perhaps, seeing the golden curls lying against mammy's dark neck, that the wee maid Louise was her namesake, but such she was in truth.

It was on a Christmas morning when the third little daughter arrived at the great house, during a snowstorm; and when, too long after, old mammy trudged in, carrying one and leading two toddlers to the bedside to welcome the brand-new sister, the white mammy raised her happy face from the pillow and said:

"This is to be your special little 'lady-baby,' mammy dear, and we are going to let you name her under one condition, and that is that you may not call her for her own mammy."

The children's mother's name was Katharine, a name which was quite out of fashion in those days, though it has since come back with all sorts of variations and spellings.

Well, when the mother had begun to speak, and mammy understood that she was saying something special about her claim to this fresh babyling, her tender old heart was so touched that for a minute she could not be sure of her voice.

But after a little while, when joy and surprise had settled into sweet pride and content, what do you suppose mammy said?

"Is you for sho' in earnest, missy?" She always called the children's mother missy. "Is you gwine let me name de new lady-baby, sho' nough?"

Here she stopped abruptly, as if she scarcely knew whether to go on or not, but only for a minute, and her old voice was not a whit timid when she said:

"I knows Louise; hit 's a ole black-skin name, an' ef I had 'a had chillen o' my own, borned to me—an' air little gal-chile amonst 'em—I could n't 'a done no better 'n to glorify my name wid honest livin', an' pass it on to 'er—wid God's blessin'."

"But dis little lady-chile—dis little rosebud baby—I ain't never had no baby named after me, but don't think maybe we mought sort o' whiten up Louise into Louezey, ef you please, ma'am, or maybe into Louise? I knows dey been plenty o' quality white ladies wha' carried off dat name wid manners an' granjer."

So the wee "lady-baby" became Louise; and even if the loving mother had not liked the sweet name which has graced so many a court, she would have been paid for her own disappointment in the old woman's delight.—Ruth McNichols Stuart, in St. Nicholas.

Story Told of Mr. Depew.

It is told of Chauncey Depew that he proved of considerable interest to the small boy of a family on whom he once made a call. After dinner he and the head of the house were closeted together for two hours or longer. When the senator had departed, the boy inquired the identity of the important looking visitor. "That, my son, is Chauncey Depew, the greatest story-teller in America," explained the father. The business that had kept Mr. Depew and the father closeted together for so long brought the former back in a few days. The boy was playing near the house as Depew approached, and, running up to the visitor exclaimed: "I'll go tell you're coming. I know who you are—Mr. Depew, the greatest liar in America!"

Industrious Indiana Dog.

Dispatches from Wabash, Ind., state that a corn husking dog is the latest novelty on the banks of the Wabash. This industrious and intelligent canine is the property of Jacob Diefenbaugh, who lives on the Stephens farm, near Andrews. It is a nine-months-old pup, who, according to Mr. Diefenbaugh, husk corn one day recently and then went in on his own hook tearing the husks from the ears with more celerity than the average farm hand. He wasn't careful in piling the corn and the husks, but he stripped the husks clean. The next day he followed Diefenbaugh and his man to the field and did several hours of efficient work. The dog apparently was delighted with his work.

A Different Way.

"Don't pa ever skate me." "Yes, but not on ice."—Chicago Examiner.

THE HERALD.

Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected. The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

Dyspepsia is such a miserable disease that the tendency to it should be given early attention. This is completely overcome by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which strengthens the whole digestive system

Leroy Boggs and Ed Watson, of Caney, former students, were visiting friends here Sunday.

Dr. Center was summoned to Maytown Tuesday to see his brother, who was said to be dying.

Courtney McGuire is now a resident of Louisville, where he is studying medicine. His address is 315 Chestnut street.

THE KIDNEYS are strengthened and toned by Hood's Sarsaparilla—it cures all their ailments, pains in the loins and **THE BACKACHE**.

Call on Mrs. F. N. Day for laces and Hamburgs, which she is selling at cost to make room for winter goods. Great bargains can be had.

For Constipation
Take Lyon's Laxative Syrup; an ideal remedy for biliousness, indigestion, and all the unpleasant and perfectly harmless conditions. Price 25c. Sold by J. C. Stamper, Maytown, Ky.

Our correspondents will confer a favor if each one will promptly send in a news-letter every Monday, or Tuesday at the latest. We will pay postage, and allow them 20 per cent on all business they do.

A lump of coal fell from a grate in the Pieratt property occupied by Taylor Johnson and family one night last week, with the result that the carpet and paper underneath were burned over a space a yard square.

Each of the first five who renew their subscriptions, or new subscribers, will be presented with a copy of Rev. I. R. Hick's Almanac for 1903. It contains about 200 pages and is filled with weather forecasts, &c. FREE to the first five.

John B. Davis left Campton on Tuesday afternoon, and up to that time only four cases had developed, so far as he heard, viz: Hannah Moore, John Miles Tolson, Kelly Fulks and a daughter of Powell Rose being the victims of small-pox; others also have it.

Stoner Walters, who killed Robt. Wilson, was indicted by the grand jury of the Wolfe circuit court for murder in the first degree. Just when his case will be called is not yet known, and it may go over to next term. Meantime he is confined in Breck Little's bastille.

If it be a fact that small-pox is prevalent at Campton and so many passing to and from court, why is it that Judge Redwine does not adjourn court ere the whole of Wolfe's population becomes inoculated? is the paramount question among an indignant people.

Rev. Robert Bussabarker, graduate of the Bible College of Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky., preached at the Christian church here Sunday last, morning and evening, and again Monday evening. There was a good congregation at each service and much interest manifested.

The many friends of Aunt Julie Ward will regret to learn that she met with a very painful accident yesterday morning. She slipped and fell, dislocating her right shoulder joint. She reduced the fracture without medical assistance, but the joint is much swollen and very painful. Fortunately she is left-handed, or she would not be able to attend her household duties.

John M. Rose has just returned from the Mt. Sterling court, and reports the market just about an average. There was a great many cattle on the market, many being unsold. He sold 23 head of good yearlings at 4¢ cents. Best feeders brought 4¢, but the majority went at 4¢. The horse and mule market showed a greater supply than the demand warranted, at least one-third going over.

The crowned heads of every nation, the rich men, poor men and misers, all join in paying tribute to DeWitt's Little Early Riser. H. Williams, San Antonio, Texas, writes: Little Early Riser Pills are the best I ever used in my family. I unhesitatingly recommend them to everybody. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick head ache, torpid liver, jaundice, malaria and all other liver troubles.

Death of Dave Linden.

David Linden, whose illness was mentioned in this paper several times, died at his home on Gillmore creek Wednesday afternoon last of typhoid fever, after an illness of 45 days, during which time he had the best medical attention and the best nursing to be had in the country. David Linden was 31 years old, married, and was universally liked, and many will mourn his death with sincere sorrow. He was energetic, progressive and prosperous as a farmer and stock trader; a good citizen and an obliging neighbor. Indeed it is said on good authority that he fed more poor people than any man or woman in Wolfe. To his wife, mother, sister and brother we extend our sympathy.

THE FORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT FOR CONSTIPATION

Constipation is nothing more than a clogging of the bowels and nothing less than vital stagnation or death if not relieved. If every constipated sufferer could realize that he is allowing poisonous filth to remain in his system, he would soon get relief. Constipation invites all kind of contagion. Headaches, biliousness, colds and many other ailments disappear when constipation is relieved. The Ford's Black-Draught thoroughly cleans out the bowels in an easy and natural manner without the purging of calomel or other violent cathartics. Be sure that you get the original The Ford's Black-Draught, made by The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent and \$1.00 packages. *Stonewall, Ark., May 25, 1902. I cannot recommend The Ford's Black-Draught too highly. I keep it in my house all the time and have used it for the last ten years. I never gave my children any other medicine. I think I could never be able to work without it on account of being troubled with constipation. Your medicine is all that keeps me up. C. B. SEAFARLAND.*

Nearly a Sad Accident.

Deweese Wilgus came within an inch of killing his wife and baby on Saturday evening last by the premature discharge of a shotgun. He was sitting with the gun across his lap when from some mysterious cause the gun was discharged, the load of shot missing his wife and baby by the merest margin. Deweese says he was speechless with horror for a while, but later on took the gun and went out to kill a rabbit. A half-dozen jumped up within shooting distance, but the horror of what might have happened from the accidental discharge of the gun so preyed upon him that each time he forgot to shoot, and he says now he wants no more guns about his house.

A Marvelous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has been invented that will cut, paste and hang wall paper. The field of inventions and discoveries seems to be unlimited. Notable among great discoveries is Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It has done a world of good for weak lungs and saved many a life. Thousands have used it and conquered Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption. Their general verdict is: "It's the best and most reliable medicine for throat and lung troubles. Every 50c. and \$1.00 bottle is guaranteed by J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists. Trial bottles free.

Sweet Potatoes and 'Possum.

One of the nicest presents we have received in a long time was an opossum and a liberal lot of sweet potatoes presented us Thursday last by our young friend Ernest Swango. 'Possum and sweet taters has always been considered a great relish by epicures, and a repast of that combination is much sought after. Wishing to make some soul happy we invited the "poet" to dine with us Friday, when he and THE HERALD family enjoyed the regal repast. Not only the editor and his better seven-eighths, but all who partook of that dinner take pleasure in thanking Ernest for his nice gift.

Wonderful Nerve.

Is displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sore Feet or Stiff Joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best salve on earth for piles, too. 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Tom Combs' Victory in Lexington.

It is a little late to congratulate Tom Combs upon his splendid victory in the primary nomination for mayor, accorded him by 649 majority on the 6th inst., but just the same we now do so, and apologize for our inadvertence. It was a much greater victory than Tom's friends here in the mountains imagine, who are unacquainted with the rings, cliques and combinations against which he had to contend. The wonder is that he won at all, although it was in the air last March, but to win by the magnificent majority he did makes his victory regally royal, and mountain democrats should rejoice. He will make that city a good official, too, and "well done, good and faithful servant," will be his greeting at the end of his term.

A Special Grand Offer.

On January 1st, 1903, the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal will cease to exist, but the Weekly Courier-Journal, 10 or 12 pages, will succeed it, the price being \$1 a year. All subscribers to THE HERALD on or before Jan. 1, can have Courier-Journal sent them to Jan. 1, 1904, by remitting 30¢ extra. Thus, for \$1.30 in cash they can get both papers for 13 months if they renew at once. Try and get in before next Thursday.

Has Secured a Good Job.

The many friends of Elder H. D. Adams will be glad to know that he has accepted a situation with the Knoxville Nursery Co., at \$50 a month and expenses, and entered upon the discharge of his duties Tuesday morning. Mr. Adams has had experience in the nursery business, and with his acquaintance will doubtless effect many sales. The company is to be congratulated upon their choice of a representative. But we are especially glad to record that Bro. Adams' lines have fallen in such pleasant places in these hard times.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Sure Cure for Small-Pox.

An eminent physician says that he will stake his professional reputation that one ounce of cream tartar dissolved in one pint boiling water and drank at intervals of 10 to 15 minutes, after cooling, will cure any case of smallpox in three days without leaving a mark. It will also prevent the disease. It has been used in thousands of cases and never yet failed. Try it.

Aunt Roslyn Linden, mother of David Linden, who died of typhoid fever last week, is now confined to her bed with the same disease.

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free. *Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.* SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

GLIMPSES OF NEW MEXICO.

In Two Parts—By C. M. Wallin.

On another afternoon I push my way outside of the noisy city, away from the whir and clank of machinery, and from the passing throngs of humanity, where I can be alone a little while with nature. I walk for a few miles over the sandy desert and at length halt in front of what proves to be a deserted Mexican home. Everything about it goes to prove that it is fast crumbling back to mother dust. There are no beautiful lawns nor high-arched inviting gateways, no fence—in fact nothing to keep out even the unwary intruder. The wild flowers and vines that voluntarily entwined their tendrils about the doorway in their sweet confusion, have lost their feeble, thirsty heads and died. And in this late December afternoon there remains of them little more than a memory.

Standing alone, far out in this great desert this house looks to be only the conference hall of spooks and ghosts. Everything about the place seems to be so dreadfully still! I grow quite nervous and tremble to think of it. But taking new courage I manage to push open the decaying door and walk thru its empty chambers with stealthy steps. "No sound of hoof or song of bird" without, nor note of human voice or hurrying of ghostly feet within is heard. All is still save the ringing echoes of my own foot-steps upon the "doby" floor. I look about the walls and they are barren; I turn to the little open windows thru which, no doubt, the eyes of hope have longingly gazed upon the world. There, too, was the fireplace with its broken hearth stone, where Spanish love has gathered in the evening, or where perhaps some Indian chief was wont to sit and smoke and court and woo and win again his darling squaw. But lo, their tapers have burned low and—gone out! All now is desolation and so death like. As I turn to go out I stop to listen, and thru the open door rings the faraway tones of a howling wolf.

As these things crowd up before me thick and fast, thoughts come to me that hitherto were foreign, and I must confess that a feeling steals over me that I shall not soon forget.

On my homeward way I notice the desert is barren and stony. A few scraggy weeds and still fewer straggling blades of Spanish bayonet, raise their burning, thirsty heads above the sandy soil. There may have been a time when the torrents of water that hewed the gullies with no uncertain hand, ran down the sides of the distant Rockies and made this desert to blossom as a rose. There may come a time when the blessed water will again bring to fruition the possibilities of New Mexico. But at present thrives only the Spanish bayonet with its tall waxen clusters of creamy blossoms in summer time, for bees to plunder and birds to swing and sway in tuneful song.

But it is getting evening. The sun reluctantly closes his great, wonderful eye in the west; the shades of evening glide across the plains like a host of silent cavalry. The wind-swept stretches of sun-dried earth lie brown and crumbling in desolate stillness, for with the going down of the sun even the zephyrs die away in exile. The sleek scorpion, bare and brown as the warm earth against which it flattens, raises its head with confidence in the coming dust. The horned toad darts in and out of the clumps of Spanish bayonet in search of insects going to rest. All else is enveloped in unearthly stillness, for the day is done. Only the wanderer, such as I, in search of peace, of harmony, of a quiet mind is abroad in the land.

As the shades of evening take on a darker hue, I am overcome with fatigue; my head falls heavily forward and upon a stone I sink down to rest. In the distance I hear the clang of a bell in a Catholic steeple tolling the hour for mass—yonder I see a belated Mexican making rapid strides for his little "doby" home. Nature is busy pilowing away her thousands to rest. I watch the grasshopper turn himself about to find a suitable resting place for the night; the little finches retreat to the cotton wood boughs; the prairie dog "howls" out his evening thanksgiving and skulks away to his mansion in the ground, and the tarantula turns to the centipede and bids him a pleasant good evening and runs far across to his castle in the sand. At length I awaken from my reverie by the gentle call of a shepherd's voice hurrying a thousand lambs to a distant fold.

Such is the picture. But quickly, how quickly this tableau of evening fades away and I am left alone in the darkness. And as I plod across the way to my room, I invoke the blessings of God upon us all and say: "Oh, Lord God of Hosts, he with us yet! Let us forget; let us forget."

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of the coffee you buy adds to its value in the cup.

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COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

STILLWATER SPARKLES.
Elisha Rose went to Lane Sunday. Can any one guess his business? Roscoe Wells is at Clay City in the employment of a lumber company. Louis H. and Stephen King have moved to the Sam Cecil place near here. Mrs. Catherine Swango is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Peck, of Lincoln county. Mrs. Letha Burnett, who recently moved to Lincoln county, is back on a business trip. Hilt Dean, Cleveland Rose and Morton Hausley, of Campton school came over Saturday. Miss Maud Williams, who has been visiting her parents in Breathitt county, has returned to Stillwater. Miss Lillie Chambers has been suffering the past week with inflammatory rheumatism, but is now some better. Rev. Barker and others have been holding a series of meetings at the Bridge the past week, with quite a number to confess Christ. Jan. 19. PRESTON.

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Kodol does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over-loaded. Kodol supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodol digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood.

Begin the year by subscribing to THE HERALD, \$1.00 in advance.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

Bank of West Liberty

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Showing condition at the close of business December 31st, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$34,800.32
Overdrafts Secured	5.24
Furniture and Fixtures	1,832.75
House and Lot	1,436.60
Due from Banks	34,560.99
Cash	5,742.51
	\$77,878.42

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$14,550.00
Surplus	500.00
Undivided Profits	11.53
Deposits, subject to check, on which interest is not paid	62,816.89
	\$77,878.42

Expenses and 3 per cent dividend were paid out of last six months' earnings.

W. D. ARCHIBALD, Cashier.

S. W. CECIL, T. J. WELLS, S. E. COLLIER, Correct Attest.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by W. D. Archibald, Jan. 2nd, 1903.

J. R. KENDALL, Notary Public.

15 Jan 2m

Reward! Reward!

REWARD!

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.

WE WILL KINDLY ASK ONE and all who pays cash or other pay to call for coupon ticket and receive premiums from our large assortment of

DECORATED QUEENSWARE

gotten up especially for the holiday trade. Come at once. First come, first served. Also those "back number" or out his evening thanksgiving and skulks away to his mansion in the ground, and the tarantula turns to the centipede and bids him a pleasant good evening and runs far across to his castle in the sand. At length I awaken from my reverie by the gentle call of a shepherd's voice hurrying a thousand lambs to a distant fold.

Respectfully, &c., W. W. SWANGO & CO.

Maytown Ky., Nov. 14.

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Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help

but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 3 1/2 times the 50c. size.

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There's health and strength in a bottle of pure Beer. And Lexington brew has purity and quality. Barley in it for food. Hops for tonic. And just enough alcohol to aid digestion. Essential to the weak, healthful for anybody. A standard, high grade beer. Unsurpassed for table use and medicinal purposes. The beer that nourishes, cheers and invigorates.

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We have an Eastern outlet for all desirable stock at highest prices. Consignments solicited. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

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Have in Stock and Sell Low for CASH the following goods:
APPLE BUTTER, 15c. quart jar.
JELLIES, all kinds, 3 glasses 25c.
PEACH LEAF LARD, 15c. per pound.
SUGAR, 5¢ to 6¢ per pound.
CADDOVA COFFEE, best in town, 12¢.
BONNIE ROLLED OATS, 10c. package.
SWEET POTATOES, canned, 15c. 2 for 25c.
KRAUT, 3-pound can, 10c.
CORN, 10c. per can.
PEAS, 2 cans 25c.
HARNESS, BRIDLES, GRANITE WARE, &c., &c. Everything first-class and fresh, and YOU SAVE MONEY on everything you buy of us.

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